

man alone have responded to our oft repeated request for contributions. Appeals appear to have no effect. Like Christ looking and weeping over Jerusalem we must say, "ye would not."

I have been wondering if societies not holding devotional meetings would be able or willing to do so if a program was provided for them. The devotional in us is so apt to be neglected, and yet it should be of first importance. Programs could be arranged and printed, one for each month of the year in EVANGELIST. But then the question arises: Who will prepare these programs? Have we not twelve sisters or twelve societies—who would each give us one program? Now, sisters, you that have this God-given talent or ability, show your faith by your works, and write me at once saying you will be one of the twelve to supply programs for the year. It does not manifest self-esteem when one does what she can, but indicates meekness and goodness of heart, a concern for others which Jesus commended in the woman who "hath done what she could."

We ought to profit by the experience of our sister denominations. They find mite boxes very helpful. Each sister could have one and place it in some conspicuous and frequented place. Use it as a thank offering box. That is, place something—a penny or more—in the mite box whenever she felt she had something in particular to thank God for—some blessing, great or small. Or a certain proportion of the money received for certain work or products could be put therein. Then send its contents twice a year to the general S. S. C. E. The membership fee could be taken from said contents provided it exceeded ten cents.

It has been suggested that if the S. S. C. E. had a badge it might awaken curiosity and lead strangers to make inquiry, thus giving us an opportunity to tell something of what we are trying to do. Most of the sisters wear a breast-pin or stick-pin. The design to be unique and suggestive with the letters S. S. C. E. engraved thereon. What say you?

At present it would require so very

much sacrifice on my part to write to each society. Therefore won't you each consider this letter written especially to you and answer at your first opportunity the following questions:

Are your meetings literary and devotional? Please tell me just what you do from first to last.

How many new members have you secured the past six months?

Total number of members now enrolled.

Give the amount of work done the past six months. Such as help given to the needy, visits to the sick, help given to home church in the way of funds, etc.

Could you execute a literary program if one is provided for you?

Could you prepare one program a year for a literary entertainment?

Should we introduce mite boxes in our work?

How many in your society would favor a badge? Send us a design for one.

Have you remitted your membership fees to the general treasurer?

Please send your answers to  
ETTA R. HARRISON, Pres.,  
National S. S. C. E., Ashland, Ohio.

#### HOME.

BY J. C. GRIMES.

EDITOR EVANGELIST:—As I have never written anything for your paper worth its room I will pen a few thoughts on "Home."

The sweetest type of heaven is home. Nay, heaven itself is home, for the acquisition of which we are to strive most strongly. Home in one form or another is the great object in life. It stands at the end of every day's labor and beckons us to its bosom. Life would be cheerless and meaningless did we not discern across the river that divides it from the life beyond glimpses of the pleasant mansions prepared for us.

Heaven! That land of quiet rest, toward which those, who worn down and tired with the toils of earth, direct their frail bark over the troubled waters of life, and after a long and dangerous passage find it is a home of eternal bliss. A safe haven of rest.

Heaven is the home that awaits us

beyond the grave. There the friendships formed on earth and which cruel death has severed are never more to be broken. Parted friends shall there meet again never more to be separated. It is an inspiring hope that, when we separate here on earth at the summons of the angel of death and a few more years have rolled over the heads of those remaining "if faithful unto death" we shall meet again in heaven, our eternal home. There we shall dwell in the presence of our heavenly Father to go out no more forever.

At the best state, my friends, we are only pilgrims and strangers. Heaven is to be our eternal home. Death will never knock at the door of that mansion and in all that land there will not be a single grave.

Aged parents rejoice very much when on Christmas or Thanksgiving day they have their children at home. But there is almost always a son or a daughter absent—absent from the country, perhaps absent from this world. Oh, how our heavenly Father will rejoice in the long Thanksgiving day of heaven when he has all his children with him in unfading glory.

How happy brothers and sisters, fathers, mothers and children will be to meet after so long a separation. Perhaps a score of years ago they parted at the door of the tomb; now they meet again at the door of immortality. Once they looked through a glass darkly; now they see face to face.

They have exchanged corruption for incorruption and mortality for immortality. Where are now all their sorrows and trials and temptations? These are overwhelmed in the Red sea of death, while they dry-shod marched into glory.

Gates of Jasper! Capstone of Amethyst! Thrones of Dominions! No other thought so much effects my soul as the thought of HOME.

When once at home let earthly sorrows howl like storms and roll like seas.

At home. Let thrones decay and empires wither; let the world die in struggles and be buried amid the ruins of thousands of planets! At home. Let everlasting ages roll. No sorrow. No death. Home, sweet home. Home with father, mother, brother and sister and with our blessed